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TO-MORROW.
BY OLIVER DELL.

To-day we stand in patient waiting
For a morrow never born,
For a dawn which pictures breaking
After a dark and dreary night,
Under in some great to-morrow.
Tabor is some day at rest,
In some far-off land, without the pectus
Of the mountain's bosom.

And with hands supinely idle,
Lie that neither pine nor pray,
Nor sigh, nor groan, nor wail,
That points out the better way;
Points to out the wiser blinding,
Points to out the more convincing,
That shall meet us on the morning
That we stand before His throne.

Grief of human, need, or sorrow
That assails our countenance;
We do not count it certain,
We refused to heed or hear,
For our eyes were lost in outward
From the world of beauty,
To another, when, as Christians,
We should labor, watch and pray.

But the sun, in benignant setting,
A golden orb, did radiate,
Touched us with the solemn splendor
Of the holy-bred Fire-born;
It cast its beams upon us, glowing,
With redoubled ardor and heat,
Lies within the darkened story
Of our heart's untroubled dream.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY H. REBAK.

Author of "Bound by a Spell,"
"Humphrey Grant's Will,"
"Doomed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

When both were seated, Sir William said:

"I dare say you wonder why I brought you here; and yet you can probably form some idea. Well, it is to talk about Andrew. When did you last hear from him?"

"Twelve days ago,"

"What was he then?"

Armstrong hesitated, but replied:

"At Carlisle."

"Still in that part of the country? Now, James Armstrong, you are his friend and confidant, and I ask you what is the meaning of his strange conduct during the last twelve months?"

"And what is your opinion about the affair?" he asked, suddenly turning upon Armstrong.

"I mean, what is your opinion about the girl—do you think she was deceiving Andrew all the time?"

"That is just the answer I expected," replied his host, irritably. "And you think you are best serving the interest of your friend by aiding and abetting him in some notorious folly, and keeping all kinds hidden from the public eye?"

"Yes, well, who could to know it?" asked Armstrong, quietly.

"Well, I suppose I should have been a great fool if you are!" burst out Sir William, after a moment's consideration.

"But you must do what you see fit at this point in issue."

"I am not your age; I am not your position; I am Andrew's nearest relative; I have a right to know the meaning of his conduct—and, what more, I will! I have written to him repeatedly to come here, but he always continues some excuse to put me off."

"Now, I suppose it is the woman at the bottom of the business, and you are aware of it, and can't deny it?"

Armstrong hung his head, but made no reply.

"I said you could not deny it!" cried Sir William triumphantly. "And now who is she?"

"How really, sir, this is too bad!" said Armstrong, very much embarrassed.

"You put me in the painful position of either telling deliberate falsehoods, or betraying Andrew's confidence."

"Psha! I have seen what young men's confidences are; the best service you can do them is to betray them to the bones, Andrew. You have got to get the bottom of this affair. Is this love-business a reason? He's not married, is he?"

"Oh, no."

"So far, so good. Is he likely to be?"

"I think not."

"What grounds have you for thinking?"

"Well, she ran away—that is to say, she is not to be found," answered Armstrong, with confusion.

"Very much obliged to her, I am sure; she has risen in my estimation through your information. And I suppose the young gentleman is running about seeking her? Yes, that's it, is it not?"

"Well—yes."

"Come now, Armstrong, let us have no more beating about the bush—make a clean breast of it. It's all over with the secret. You have told me the main truth, all the while merely doing what don't let me any longer. Andrew shall never hear from me that you have given the slightest hint. Be plain now; I am sure he will be served in half an hour, and I shall require a little time to digest the story before I attack the edifice."

"But, indeed, sir, it is too bad to force me."

"Now don't lose time, there's a dear fellow; you'll have to tell all before you leave this room, therefore what is the use of so many superfluous words?"



THE LIGHT FELL FULL ON HER FACE. SHE UTTERED A FAINT CRY, HE STRUCK HER, AND RASPBERRY Muttered, "HERMIA."

Armstrong looked pitifully confused—Sir William sneered and chortled. Armstrong hemmed once or twice, and then disclosed Andrew's love-story from beginning to end.

Sir William listened with the deepest attention and with ever-increasing interest, but without uttering a word, excepting by any remark.

When it was finished, the stern expression of his features had softened, and he fell into a meditation, which lasted several minutes.

"And what is your opinion about the affair?" he asked, suddenly turning upon Armstrong.

"I mean, what is your opinion about the girl—do you think she was deceiving Andrew all the time?"

Armstrong paused.

"I should consider myself highly honored, if you would have me in such an allusive position," he replied, after an almost imperceptible hesitation.

"Good!—that is the point I want to ascertain about. And you have been subversive all this time?"

"Really, I have not presumed to speak up to you."

"No; I dare say not; but the wed must be greatly changed since my days if you cannot tell whether a gladiatrix or does not care for you." There was touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"It is to be hoped that the match would prove discreditable to my niece. I should not have thought of mentioning it. On the other hand, did I not find your views were not inclined in that direction. I should not have introduced the subject to you. The attitude, however, in which you have shown yourself to me, and the evident purpose you have in view, make it necessary for me to speak up to you."

"Now, Sir William, you have been quite sufficient to justify the comments of the world, and I cannot permit my sister's child to be spoken lightly of. As you are aware of her circumstances, I may tell you I am prepared to give her a portion of five thousand pounds. Now, my lady and I have been talking over with her lady herself, and let me say, this young man is a scoundrel. That young man makes an idiot." He uttered, when his wadons. "But he would be a very good match for Harriet, who is not likely to find a better."

Armstrong leaped astonished at this unexpected change of tone.

"Such action is considered at least unusual by the majority of people in our position of life, Sir William," he retorted coldly.

"Quite right, Mr. Armstrong—quite right, as it is, and I perfectly approve of it," the baronet said, regarding himself.

"And so Andrew has, even since coldly."

"The infatuation was indeed powerful to last so long. But he must not waste his life in such folly—he must be wed at once. I shall send for him to come home without delay—peremptorily order him to do so."

"You will not inform him of my intentions?"

"No, no fear of that. I shall resort to the same measures with him that I have pursued with you—make him realize himself. So much for that part of the business. Let us now change the subject, and turn to another which more nearly concerns yourself."

"I have remarked, and others have remarked, that you have shown such a decided preference for my eldest niece, that people begin to suspect your name together. Now I want to know whether this is mere passing admiration for the girl, or something more serious."

"What do you think your wife has proposed to you?" he said, abruptly.

"What?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Nothing is arranged positively."

"That I should make you my wife?" he answered.

The uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure.

"What reply did you make?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nothing is arranged positively."

"Her countenance fell."

"Indeed, loves are seldom backward when the ladies' friends propose the suit, with some bitterness in their tones."

He did not answer; for a moment, but stared thoughtfully. At length he said:

"We have known each other now about eighteen months. During this time I have been carefully studying your character."

"I hope it was fortunate enough to gain your approval!" she interrupted, disdainfully.

"Attachment for him!" she replied, smiling.

"It was," he answered.

"Thank you," she replied, making a low obeisance.

"may say more than any young lady in whom I have ever associated."

"And you would be willing to marry your friends and her?" interrupted Sir William.

"I should consider myself highly honored, if you would have me in such an allusive position," he replied, after an almost imperceptible hesitation.

"Good!—that is the point I want to ascertain about. And you have been subversive all this time?"

"Really, I have not presumed to speak up to you."

"No; I dare say not; but the wed must be greatly changed since my days if you cannot tell whether a gladiatrix or does not care for you."

"There was touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"It is not the spirit in which I would have you care for me," he said, gravely. Then resumed: "I soon found that ambition was the main motive of your mind; that you valued poverty, and easily despised wealth and luxury; that to this ambition all was subservient. Nay, I liked you none the less for it. I saw, beyond this, that you had a strong, practical mind; that you would not be a mere toy wife, whose only virtue is blind love for her husband and her children; but a partner and a mother, who, in her wisdom, and not in her beauty, would be a match for any man in the great affairs of life. Such are the qualities I had determined to find in my wife. I think I have found them in you."

He paused. But Harriet, whose bitter, mortified look softened beneath the last words, remaining silent, he resumed.

"I do not think that my friend will gain her wealth, and not her virtue. Now, if I believe, view it in the same light as myself. We have wealth; we want position."

"There is not I should choose for a wife," she rejoined, scornfully. "What position can the daughter of a poor, self-pay officer give you?"

"It is not for your father's sake, but for your mother's side, I look for that," was the significant reply.

"You will find but little there. Sir William thinks nothing of me. He may give me a thousand or two as a wedding dowry—nothing more."

"But there are, or might be, contingencies," he said slowly, looking at her intently.

"I do not understand you, sir," he replied, with cold indifference.

"Well, it is impossible for my what may be done with prudence and manner. There are reasons why all this importunity should not be your burden; but if you will say, into the hands of your friend, I will do what I can."

"I am sure you are right," he said, smiling.

"She turned away his head and plucked some leaves off the bushes.

"If we could bring about such an union?"

"I am sure it shall never be!" she cried.

"Let us meet to-morrow morning at eleven; we shall then be able to discuss the subject more temperately."

A few moments afterwards they separated.

Harriet did not appear at breakfast that day; she was locked in her room, bathed in tears. She was ambitious, selfish, hard; but still she was a woman; and, as such, she felt mortified, humiliated, stung to the quick by the high-spirited, overbearing tone of the baronet.

"I understand. You have entertained hopes in that quarter yourself."

A deep blush mounted to her temples, and she moved away, saying, "You are insatiable, Mr. Armstrong."

"I am," he said, smiling.

"I understand," he said, smiling.

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"I am," he said, smiling.

entitled, and that it could be left by Sir William to any member of the family whom he might select."

Young Armstrong paused for a moment and then responded:

"Although I did not see at the time how this would be any important fact, as there was not much of his life, so far as I could not help thinking of this discovery as a piece of valuable information. After the name of the execution in the Laken, which I have told you before, and I regarded all this as a mere trifling information, which would interest me for a few weeks, and then be forgotten altogether upon it. But when, after the first night, I found how miserably I was in my calculations, I began to speculate as to in what light his uncle would regard us if this unsatisfactory state of affairs in the midst of such misfortune, while my plans were yet indigoed, I wrote, a day or two ago, to Andrew, a letter to Sir William, excusing me to the Hall for a few days, and asking him to give me full and free leave to speak to Andrew, the man who had been the author of my marriage when he bluntly demanded to know what were my intentions towards his niece, and whether I proposed to marry her!"

"You have always been something of a favorite with him, haven't you?" interrupted Mr. Armstrong, who had listened to his son's narrative with the keenest interest.

"He has always treated me with marked favor. At first I was not convinced by this unexpected proposition, but I may say that I lost my presence of mind. My nervous military temperament, was sufficient to develop a rapidly-formed plan in my mind. First of all, however, it was necessary to ascertain how far I had judged aright the character of my proposed wife, and whether she would be willing to submit to my proposal. This was my first care. I found something more of feminine qualities than I expected; but a second interview was sufficiently satisfactory."

"And what are your plans?" inquired Mr. Armstrong, eagerly.

"As they are now, to Miss Harriet Cleveland, bring about a matrimonial union between her younger sister, and by that means gain that influence over the world, Andrew, I feel convinced, will return to America, such a match, and will secure his vague needs after his long separation. His name will be exaggerated—"

"And then the propagator will give way," interposed Mr. Armstrong.

"I think not. Even should he feel disposed to do so, means would have to be found to prevent such a purpose."

"Your plan seems to me to be a very far-sighted one, very much too complicated, and not at all likely to succeed," said his father, shaking his head.

"Well, we shall see," observed James. "But you will receive a letter from Sir William by this evening's post."

The entrance of Postman, bearing a letter in his hand, prevented Mr. Armstrong from replying.

"James is doubtless the letter," said James.

"Yes, it bears the Windsor postmark, and—." Mr. Armstrong paused abruptly, and began to curiously examine the superscription.

"What is the matter? What are you looking for?" asked his son.

"The handwriting," answered his father, musing. "It seems familiar to me."

"That must be fancy, as it is not at all probable a letter from Sir William has ever passed through your hands before."

"Mr. Armstrong made no reply. He seemed lost in thought, and still gazed fixedly upon the envelope without breaking the seal.

"Had you not better read the contents, father?" said James, little impatiently.

The old man broke open the envelope, unfolded the note within, and read it, but his thoughts were not with the words themselves; and long after he had finished the perusal of the few brief but polite lines, his eyes still remained fixed upon them.

His son regarded him with a half-inquisitive curiosity.

"Allow me to look at it, at least."

His father handed him the note, but again took up the envelope, and scanned every letter upon it with the most minute attention. Suddenly, a memory seemed to dawn upon him. Without uttering a word, however, he rose, and hurried from the room.

He went into several minutes, during which his eye was lost in vain, scanning the note within, and read it, but his thoughts were not with the words themselves; and long after he had finished the perusal of the few brief but polite lines, his eyes still remained fixed upon them.

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His son regarded him with a half-inquisitive curiosity.

"Do not ask me now. I cannot explain. I will see this man. I will start for Windsor to-morrow," he cried, pausing suddenly up and down the room.

"Stay, remember my son, Lee no old offenses or grudges interfere with that of the execution," interrupted Andrew, with a smile.

"I never knew the name," he answered.

"But what is the name of this one?"

"Do not ask me now. I cannot explain. I will see this man. I will start for Windsor to-morrow," he cried, pausing suddenly up and down the room.

"Stay, remember my son, Lee no old offenses or grudges interfere with that of the execution," interrupted Andrew, with a smile.

"High," answered Mr. Armstrong, quickly. "I have waited eighteen years, and can wait a little longer, and my revenge may be brought about."

"Never dream of it, Lee," said James, laying his hand upon his father's arm, and speaking with a smile.

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Saturday Evening, Dec. 11, 1875.

NOTICES.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago.—D. D. Morris, Manager.
Philadelphia.—Walter Burroughs, Manager; G. C. Davis, Vice-Adm.; G. C. Davis, Manager.
Boston.—G. Franklin St., Manager.
New York.—A. W. Greeley, Jr., Manager.
Broadway.—H. T. Parker, Manager.
St. Louis.—110 North Fifth St., J. W. Marsh, Manager.

OURSELVES.

It is not often that we speak about "ourselves" in this column of the paper, and if we have done so of late more frequently than in our custom, it has not been from any personal or self-interested view, but simply from a desire to please and to benefit our readers. In last week's issue we urged upon them, and we again do so, for their own interest, to lose no time about forwarding us their subscriptions for the coming year, as by deferring to do so until the Holidays, they run the risk of having to wait perhaps for a week or two longer than would otherwise be necessary, for their papers and chronicles. Renewals are already fast pouring in upon us, even before the expiration of this year's subscriptions, and in order to keep our books clear and ensure all of our subscribers receiving their chronicles in time to have them framed for Christmas, we are shipping them as fast as possible. With No. 52, our Christmas number, we shall issue a large four page supplement, containing a Christmas story, handsomely illustrated and complete, besides choice selections and elegant illustrations.

We should be pleased to hear from all of our present subscribers, when forwarding their renewals for 1876, and to get their candid opinions on the improvements and alterations which they see doubt have preserved we have made in the Post within the past six months. We have added several New Departments which we thought would be of general interest, and we have been very much gratified by already receiving quite a number of exceedingly complimentary and entirely voluntary letters thanking us for the improvements which the writers were pleased to say we had made in the management of the paper. The readers of the Post, too, cannot fail to have observed that we have gradually but thoroughly changed the character of the miscellaneous matter of the paper, making it more instructive and altogether of a higher and more refined style. Our aim has been to put into the hands of all a First-class Family Paper combining entertainment and instruction of an unexceptionably elevated standard, and we think that we are justified in expressing a confident hope that we have succeeded in our endeavor.

Within the past ten weeks we have commenced no less than seven of the very best Serials that have ever been published in the Post, all of them by writers of the highest and most favorite reputations. We have others on hand which will follow in rapid succession.

In the mechanical portion of the paper, the illustrations, quality of paper and typescripted appearance there have also been considerable change, and we trust for the better.

We repeat that it would give us much pleasure to hear from any of our readers, and to receive any suggestions that they may make. We will take all such suggestions and criticisms in the same kindly and friendly spirit in which we are sure they will be given, and will act upon them whenever we find it practicable and feasible to do so, and wherever the expression of opinion on any particular subject called for has been so general as to entitle it to be adopted by our readers.

OUR PURCHASING AGENCY.

We have been in the receipt, within the past two or three weeks, of several letters asking us if our Purchasing Agency is still in operation, as the writers who live in out of the way towns and villages were anxious to avail themselves of our assistance in procuring sundry articles not obtainable in their neighborhood.

Now that the Holiday time is so close at hand, we take this opportunity of saying that our Purchasing Agency is in charge of a lady and gentlemen who devote their entire time to this work, and who are thoroughly competent in every way. We are prepared and willing to execute commissions for any of our readers for any articles they may be want of. Everything will be supplied at the very lowest rates, and the interest of the purchaser as carefully studied, and the money invested with the same prudence and economy—now, even more so, than if we were making purchases for our own use.

At the present season, more especially, when Christmas and New Year presents are uppermost in all minds, we are prepared to purchase for our patrons any article from a ball of twine to a piano, from a paper of needles to a sewing machine, at the lowest prices. Articles of wearing apparel, either for ladies or gentlemen, not forgetting the little ones, will be carefully attended to, and every article forwarded by express or mail to you destination. In ordering any dress goods, it will be better to send samples of the materials required, but if this is not possible, the desired article should be described as accurately as possible.

NEXT WEEK.

HS SECOND INHERITANCE!

BY

FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of "The Winning Hazard," "Tutie's Fortune," etc. etc.

This is the title of a New Romance which will be commenced next week, and will well repay perusal. It is entirely different in plot, incident, or style, from any that we have lately given the readers of the Post, and they will find this a singularly fascinating and enjoyable story.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. R. CARLISLE.

To-day I have been looking over the literary periodicals; and it seems to me that the art and philanthropy may be more easily discerned than the rapid increase we are making. If the general diffusion of literature can be considered as an absolute indication of proportionate advancement towards the perfectibility of humanity.

To one who has not gone regularly through the living list, the number would be surprising. Some of them demand I had almost said, brandish thousands certainly, of these bridges of print freighted with talent and genius, and in no good a typographical execution, that we no longer wonder at the assertion of a prominent news dealer that "We have hundreds of books on the history of the country."

What a contrast this was to the days when Franklin Square was young, and a "weekly gazette" was deemed a most serious undertaking—a "wild ambition." What a wildly general thirst, what an insatiable appetite for the literary feast, which devours this. And if the diffusion of correct and tame literature is of course a natural and gradual process, it is, every acceleration of the growing attraction should be a subject of general and sincere gratification to moral and patriotic feeling.

The beauty of the literary weekly, the variety of short, pithy, timely, interesting articles, given in staid periods, induces us into reading easily and with profitable pleasure, what aggregated within the year, would frighten us away. The short weekly articles we read cheerfully, and in the end see quietly, not to any great fault, and plausibly cheated into the possession of a general knowledge and sounder refinement of which we are scarcely conscious.

These periodicals, weekly and monthly papers, are made so attractive in form and matter, that they can be relied upon as a means of instilling and stimulating a love of reading among the young people, thus securing those resources within the country which render them independent and indifferent to a constant resort to general society.

It is here that the widest range of good is accomplished. A boy or girl is tolerably safe who can find such pleasure in books provided, as will make him or her unconscious of the attractiveness, and seductive influence of the "unscrupulous" or "sophomore" literature. For this reason, if for no other, these weekly and monthly papers should meet the patronage and soundest encouragement of every guardian of youth.

Certainly, selections should be made by those intelligently conversant with the master of each paper. This will be the best guarantee of success.

The growth and development of the human mind has led to the publication of many vicious in the extreme, but such a rigid investigation of printed matter is now made by law, that these depraved publications have been checked. Besides this, there is a consciousness of moral responsibility which, while it may not prevent the publisher, certainly does guide the writer in their selection of reading matter.

One is led into the mind of the youth a love of reading, under proper parental guidance, and thus mind will be informed of the needs of what is commonly known as "yellow-covered" literature. And these to a person are in publication of literature of sound moral truth.

A man righteously-occupied of heart, will find a satisfaction scarcely equalled in any other direction, in feeling that he is disseminating truth to aid in his already powerful influence, in forming and shaping the minds of those who share in the meeting brother-life, to render his principles to all classes and independent of the world's caprice and perity. In this rapid and wide-spreading of literature through our great land, there is a consideration of a patriotic and deeper character than that which generally is the ultimate of contributions to periodicals—the mere pleasure of compensation which they conceive to be their reward.

There is a natural leaning of sympathy and affection, a fraternizing feeling, created in those who administer to our instruction or pleasurable entertainment. Authors and readers are brought together from the uttermost parts of the earth, and thus taught to consider themselves of one family, sympathizing in sentiment and love of country.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by Reed, Whicker & Co., Philadelphia, is among the very best of American literary journals. It is now in its 53rd year, and was never more popular.—Standard, October, 1875.



A SITTING-ROOM WINDOW.

WINDOW GARDENS.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

The universal popularity of Window Gardens, whether large or small, simple or elaborate, is the evidence of a growing taste for flowers and ornamental plants in all circles of society. We have only to notice in all our large cities, towns and villages, how frequent window decorations have become, sometimes without doors or windows, but separated from each other and our eyes by distances almost beyond the power of man to compete! Only about 5,000 stars can be distinctly seen and counted by the naked eye, while an ordinary telescope reveals the number of something like 150,000. Herschel's great 16-inch telescope, it is estimated, shows 160,000, while the great Ross telescope, by its vast penetrating power, is supposed to open to our vision not less than 700,000! And yet when the whole heavens are swept by this telescope, we have only penetrated a distance into space equal to the diameter of the sun! The stars, which, in the language of the poet, "are scattered over the boundless ocean of space," are now to be seen in the room where we read or write to, the immensity of depth presented by the last mentioned instrument.

CHARLESTON IN COLONIAL TIMES.—In colonial times Charleston was a favorite settlement of the mother country, owing to the value of its exports—indigo, rice, and naval stores. In 1731 forty thousand barrels of rice were exported, and, it was said, "London and Liverpool looked longingly on the rich colony of South Carolina." The first sum of money sent by the planter-pioneers was a contribution sent to England to aid in the defense of Medina-Carr, where a battle was fought between the French and Spaniards, and the victory was gained by the former.

The Germans, who have a general fondness and taste for Window Gardening than any other nation, have a great variety of flowers, and a wide range of application.

WE mention the plants particularly, as perhaps some one may be disposed to copy the design literally. We know of no good of Window Gardening so exquisite as the one shown, which has been twined around the outside of a window embrasure, as shown. The water in the aquarium must be contained in a vessel with panes, so that all portions may be discernible to the eye.

We give another very pretty design of a similar composition in white and blue, and forty.

Window Gardening is one of the most elegant, satisfactory, yet least expensive of all departments of rural taste. As a useful means of developing a taste for plants and love of flowers, there is nothing to be compared with this simple system of gardening; and it is a sign of healthy sentiment, for the promotion of flowers always aids in the development of refinement and an elevated taste.

One of the advantages of Window Gardening is its simplicity, open to everybody and inexpensive.

Plants confined to their own houses for the greater part of their lives have no greater rural estate than that which their window garden affords. To watch unfolding leaves and budding flowers, the development of branches after branch, is a study of the reality of plant life, and is extremely interesting to the soul who finds in it the only world of pleasure and contentment.

It is in a form of gardening, too, of permanent use and value. The Window Garden is independent, to a large degree, of the varying seasons. The advent of spring, summer and autumn only render the plants more luxuriant and make the flower beds more attractive and gay with the first frost or cold wind of winter. When the prospect is dreary, we can still look to our plants and window boxes, and behold in them objects of increased admiration, because they are so charming in their countenance and deportment without, and are genial remembrances of greater days gone by.

In the present number we give illustrations of Window Gardens, actually in use in some of our Central New York homes, by no means very elaborate or expensive, of which we hope may give some of our readers some useful and judicious hints and suggestions in their efforts to make their homes more beautiful by the use of such window ornaments.

The first one is a bow-window filled with two boxes supported by legs, each box two inches deep and filled inside either with earth or separate pots, the interspaces being filled in with moss or earth. The aim is to give a chance to the street view, and is lighted only from the top, yet in a great curiosity, and will be worth the trouble of copying according to the foregoing description.

FRESH WINDOW AND AQUARIUM.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS.

In compliance with a law passed by the National Assembly the territorial army of France will immediately be reorganized. It is to consist of 1,800,000 all born between December, 1845, and December, 1846, and will comprise troops of all arms. At first, however, the government will direct its attention to the formation of 150 infantry regiments. The military establishment of the French Republic amounts \$100,000,000 per annum. The expenditure of England for home and colonial service, is \$72,500,000, of the Anglo-German Empire \$80,000,000, and of Germany, \$60,000,000. There are 1,300,000 soldiers for France, with a population of 35,000,000 inhabitants.

At the present time the German Republic spends \$44,000,000 in Germany, or one soldier to every forty inhabitants; 243,000 soldiers (regulars and militia) for a population of 32,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, or one soldier for every 129 of the population, and 127,000 soldiers, British and Indian, in British India, or 300,000 soldiers, being one soldier to every 1,641 inhabitants. In contrast with these numbers, the United States, with an estimated expense of \$20,000,000, has a population of 32,000,000, and the estimated expenses for such an establishment is \$60,000,000. For a present estimate of the cost of the army, we have 45,000,000 men. Then, compared with the great European powers, the regular army of the United States is comparatively the costliest of all, besides the expense of militia and volunteers.

STAR DEPTHS.—The mind of man fails to realize the immensity of space, and no one accustomed to the use of the telescope can have any adequate idea of the differences presented by the heavens when viewed by the naked eye and mind of the astronomer. How difficult it is to realize that each star, in itself, is a sun like our own, but separated from us like our eye, but separated from each other and our eyes by distances almost beyond the power of man to comprehend! Only about 5,000 stars can be distinctly seen and counted by the naked eye, while an ordinary telescope reveals the number of something like 150,000. Herschel's great 16-inch telescope, by its vast penetrating power, is supposed to open to our vision not less than 700,000! And yet when the whole heavens are swept by this telescope, we have only penetrated a distance into space equal to the diameter of the sun! The stars, which, in the language of the poet, "are scattered over the boundless ocean of space," are now to be seen in the room where we read or write to, the immensity of depth presented by the last mentioned instrument.

WEAVING.—Kane Wilson was visiting Victor Emanuel in Italy the other day, the two royal brothers meeting every day from a series of levees and audiences, and the Queen of Italy, with her maid-of-honor, was received at the court.

HAROLD HORN'S great picture, "The Shadow of Death," which was bought some time ago by Lord Lansdowne, is framed and mounted, and is now on exhibition in London.

THIRTY colored ladies of Detroit have formed themselves into a secret literary society, and have chosen as their motto, "Truth, Beauty, and Goodness."

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had time, I suppose, for any running about?"

"I was going round to Portage's, my agent, to get me to sell."

"Ah! Well, I'll not detain you." Mr. Vane held out his hand. "It is already getting late, and if you want to catch Portage before he goes to bed you've no time to lose. You will come across me on your way home; then will be glad to see you. Ross has changed a good deal," the old gentleman went on quietly and apparently not noticing either's face; "perhaps he was used to seeing men—more especially young men—then and later at mention of his daughter's name."

"Does your daughter as being very beautiful, sir," faltered poor Hobart, hardly knowing what to say, and thinking of that lovely picture face against which his hot young man face blazed rapidly. "Oh, she is beautiful, she was, I used to think it afterwards, after I was gone, and wonder how she would look when she was grown to be a woman, and learned the power of beauty. She and I were fast friends and playfully, in response to complimenting me quite pleasant in Mr. Vane's eyes."

"Oh! oh! you will see a good deal of our girls, our children, in the country. Well, you will see more for yourself, now. Ross has changed, has even up to be a beauty and a belle, even in this city of belles," said the proud and fond old father, "and every other emotion forgotten, as now, in the desire to ring the changes of his daughter's charms. A beauty and a belle, but his sense of a woman in her making up, a loving heart!"

A beauty and a belle, and yet—oh, no, answering words—and yet possessed of a woman's loving heart!

The old gentleman trotted off up the street to his car, and Robert stood and waited until the flush of his gold mounted cane could no longer be seen. The lady's face had lost something that look of a frank and joyous carelessness habitual to it. "I'll go and see her to-night," he thought. "I'll go and see her to-night, and bring her back to me. There will be plenty of time over after I return from Portage's. I'll go and see her; I'll meet her face to face; and then, my word, come on!"

His mind was made up. He stepped out into the road, the glistening and sunshiny New York streets, and as he did so, two young girls, who had been in ardent pursuit before him, Robert and one of them—their dress and speed and general here made air having for the moment an incomparable fascination and novelty, of the article of wearing: "fraternity"; fair, frank, kindred, gloved and scented youths, who distributed their perfume, and evoked sensations and emotions, made up the desired liaison down to upper, calm, courteous bower, forever magnified and forever bowered. They had been across the river, and now returning, cigar in mouth, were discussing that day's sport and the day's comparative entertainment.

"It tickled for the Roundell Palmer's concern," murmured one languidly. "Confounded here, but I promised to take Hattie out. Made classic style, and all that, you know. Fellow's apt to go along following on. Good style, but heavy, you know. Girl like this Vane, too, brought up in the woods."

His words were here of a sudden choked out. Robert Tompkins listened, his heart thumping madly, body at every pulse to the words. What! his love, his treasure, Ross Vane whose name was as sacred that he hardly dared whisper it to himself in the silence and seclusion of his chamber, to speak of him in this way, answering by that impudent look, the world over, of the hotel, and now, the town street, as any notorious woman of the town might be spoken of, and he, Robert Tompkins hidden and not avenged her?

He made one single step forward, and stretching out his arm, he took the speaker by the neck and shook him hard, and then, "You know where you are speaking of, he shouted, his face glaring with fury. "I am a friend of this lady whom you insult, whose fair name you sully, tearing it back and forth in the foul air. Have a girl over this, will you, and be more respectful in your talk about women when you are in the parlour."

"Confound you!" cried the annoyed man, by a violent twist of his body, releasing himself from Robert's grasp.

"What do you mean, attacking me in this way? Are you mad? Who are you?"

The youth of fashion was now a creature of all alarm, and the first shock of surprise at the unexpected onset over, he clutched his first instinct, which was to fly straight out of his shoulder, and Robert's hot rolled on the pavement under the feet of the crowd. His overclothing was mostly torn, and hanging there. His collar was torn across by Hobart's strong grip, and his fair hair dishevelled over his furious pale face.

"What do you mean, you bold, attacking a man in the street, in this way, he again insisted, pulling his torn and dishevelled clothing at which he could not be a bully," he bravely answered Robert; but he felt that his face was colouring painfully. "You, I overheard you mentioning a lady's name, in a tone and manner I did not approve of." The other interrupted him, and his blood beat in his veins.

"We, the people I have lived among with ease," he said quietly. "They were simple gentlemen, bred as nature made them, loyal and true, and their women were world speaking of all, all, and the world was not, they spoke of her with respect."

He paused and took a card from his pocket.

"That is dry name! I am stopping here at the Astor. Will you give me

your card? Thanks! I will communicate with you in the morning, or you will know where to find me if you want me."

He picked up his hat and began to straighten the bent and crumpled helmet. The two gilded youths of fashion—a carriage and jangled into it, the crowd of small boys who had collected about them in joyful anticipation of a fight, dispersed with decisive commands on the whole platform.

Robert himself walked away, feeling strongly, but, out of tune, confused. The note he had just been guilty of, weighed upon him like a crime committed.

All the lingering echo of gaiety and high head chivalry faded out as he went over the crowd, the blow he had given and the provocation.

What was it? "A quarrel?" Only a faint murmur given unceasingly by a muted cheering of the society she moved through.

The society that scattered her and her beauty on her to face her. Why, perhaps he had, this—he looked at the card given him—Gerald Faucher, the youth whom he had met in the dance to-night, and who was dancing in his face, his arm around her, his hand on her shoulder, according to the dictate of her "loving woman's heart," while his brother Tompkins stood out in the cold, and looked on. He shut his teeth together as he asked himself what would clear all of all persons in the world, think of this defense he had undertaken in behalf of her.

"What a Quixotic fool I am," he thought, respectfully. "I am a bully, as he said? I don't mean to be one; but I suppose fighting of any sort is a sort of provocation, no matter what it is. I must go and see this Gerald Faucher to-morrow, and apologize."

"How shall I look? But, quick, answer what shall I say? But, quickly, when I meet what shall I say? I must be a good sort of all persons in the world, think of this defense he had undertaken in behalf of her."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIA.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOWKE.

Author of "Mystery of the Leaf," "The White Gise of the Ridge," Etc.

This serial was commenced in No. 6. Vol. 2. Black numbers can always be obtained.

TELL ME, DARLING, THAT YOU MISS ME.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.

Tell me, darling, that you miss me. When the spirit of the autumn comes, Shoots its sweethearts over all. When the winter sky grows dark, And the lamps of heaven are lighted At the closing of the day.

Tell me, darling, you are waiting. Tell when I leave, life is weary; And its dreams are full of summer. For the autumn's crimson bloom. Can awake a check to me. Where your heart is waiting.

Go mighty wild, bear a message. Words of love as yet unspoken. Kinder voices are waiting. For the autumn's most fair. She is waiting for me there.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOWKE.

Author of "Mystery of the Leaf," "The White Gise of the Ridge," Etc.

This serial was commenced in No. 6. Vol. 2. Black numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOMES AGAIN.

Rhoda Elbridge had worked hard to give her mother the diagnosis of a sonorous funeral, but all her energy and industry would have been in vain had she not discovered a little box in which Mrs. Elbridge had hidden away a sum of silver dollars that had been her savings from their householding in Elm street, and which she had reluctantly brought away with her some months end in view as the present—since she had never produced it in their narrowest quarters.

To poor Rhoda it was a rich treasure, and saved her from utter despair. Once, and half out of doors, she had all she had already gained, and provided her mother a plain but decent coffin, and enough to lay her body in a grave belonging to her employer, the millionaire. When all was done she had but six dollars left, and these she put away reluctantly, as part of the sum that was to carry her home.

The purpose she had in view sustained her brief, and kept her sorrowing heart from sinking in despair. She worked steadily and untiringly, constantly but slowly increasing her stock until at last she had gained enough to take her back to Elm street.

Then she started, and as fate would have it, she stayed on the arriving train at New Haven, and within an hour met Alfred Falconer had left the city, intent to find her, having failed in his search for her sister, and through the efforts of Madame Lafosse, having just ascertained her whereabouts.

A queer, shaggy-looking man, who was passing round the depot in an apparently aimless manner, picked up her bag, which she had laid down in instant, and offered to carry it for her whenever she was going.

He seemed very poor and miserable in his dress, and gaunt and wretched in his appearance, but as his eyes met hers, she spoke these words: "Rhoda Elbridge, that was printed on the bag—he's expressive, and willing to let me see his face.

"Hold!" cried the strange man. "I need nothing beyond the assurance of your safety and permanence here. If you are my honored mother, that will be to you, and what can you hope to gain by this inexplicable interest in my movements?"

"A fortune!" cried the strange man, his eager burst of feeling: "nothing else suffered in the past or must endure in the present."

His shallow eyes gleamed vividly, his skinny hands clasped each other, an indescribable tenderness in his eyes spoke these words: "Rhoda Elbridge, that was printed on the bag—he's expressive, and willing to let me see his face."

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